THE WEEK'S PLAYS-SIDELIGHTS AND AFTERTHOUGHS.

Augustus Thomas and "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots"--"Adrea"--Mrs. Leslie Carter and the Tragic Muse-Pinero's Part of Sweet Lavender-Then and New.

are apt to pride themselves most on the But the lack of anything really human or one faculty they do not possess, then Augustus Thomas is probably enraptured with the technical skill with which he has of acting who can by the sheer force of to'd the story of "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots." his personality and of his art cast upon But to the casual observer what he has work and crude material the aura of greatgiven us at the Savoy seems not so much ness. The one question left unanswered a farce, comedy or drama as the chaotic materials for any or all of these things.

The central idea, or the idea which ap- impossible material. parently should be central, is that a man normally honest may be turned into a timental debasement in the adaptation, bughouse scalawag by the chance disloca- and in spite of her sledgehammer methods tion of one of the bones of his spine, and and brass band effects Mrs. Carter rebe restored to normal sense and morals vealed in it powers that seemed as genuine as soon as the bone is snapped back into place, relieving the strain on his medulla blongata. Presented as an extension of the modern fad of osteopathy the idea is not unplausible, and its potentialities in comedy and drama are obvious. One of the inventions of Ainslee's scalawaggery is to put on the fire escape of an old school friend the boots of a woman whose husband. Leftingwell, is notoriously jealous, and by means of them to levy blackmail. The situation is enhanced by the fact that the victim, one Corbin by name, is engaged to be married to the sister of the man whose dislocated vertebra has dislocated his morals. Poor Corbin, the mark at once of the jealousy of his fiancée and of Mrs. Leffingwell's husband, is prevented from righting himself by his natural unwillingness to expose the villain to his sister and to the world. Under skilful management the emotions in conflict and the characters in contrast-the strands of comedy and of drama-might be woven into an ever brightening web of life, extending from the first curtain to the last. Equally promising is the milieu Mr. Thomas has chosen for his action-a suburban dinner party, frustrated by a blizzard that keeps away the welcome guests and drives n the unwelcome ones, holding them stormbound in an involuntary house party, like a zoological happy family, until the various threads of the plot have been snarled up and unravelled.

Granted freely that there are no such things as laws of construction, or even crules, it still remains a fact that in order to be interested in plot characters or ideas, It is necessary for the poor, weak human the whole of the first of his three acts to the superficial humors of the dinner party and the blizzard. We learn much of the of the excess of the Irish maid in the matter who never come and do not matter; the | tioned in the same article. purpose for which the dinner was given; the hostess's ruses for economizing champague -all these are exploited ad infinitur, if not ad nauseam. But meanwhile sadiy lost sight of.

To say nothing of interest in the main characters and of sympathy for their afwhat they are. It took a post mortem by estigation after the curtain fell to reveal the fact that the scalawag Ainslee was probably off his nut, and that it was he o had put up the game on his prospectica brother-in-law in the matter of Mrs. Lefinquell's boots and the fire escape.

I am more willing to dwell on these debecause they are characteristic, as it seems, fresher and brisker, and the characters much more humanly interesting, was almost equally blind during the first half of the first act. Even after that the story was one too forcibly told. All that matter of the two young women and the automobile elopement fell rather flat, as was repeatedly evident in the holy calm that brooded on the audience at the second curtainevidently planned as the dramatic and comedy crisis. The great and deserved success of the play was due to the force and humor of two of the characters-the inevitable, inimitable Kid Garrey and the muscularly unchristian parson. Perhaps one should reckon also the characters of the young swell, though this scored mainly in the matter of a delectable ether jag, and of the amusing truthful reporter.

in the present play there is no character of any such comic proportions, and in fact none of any particular saliency. A comedy the programme calls it; but at best the funis achieved by farcical means-a fountain in the centre of the dinner table that becomes disarranged and squirts full in the face and the shirt front of the butler; a maid whose frozen ears are parboiled, stuffed and filled full of oil, before the properly ill smelling liniment is applied; an artist's mannikin, which is treated in a dozen ridiculous ways reminiscent of Palais Royal farce. Of any really comic idea the play is as innocent as it is of sustained dramatic interest-though both are latent in the rough materials at hand. The saving grace of the whole-if it can be called a grace-is Mr. Thomas's vigorous, mascuine exuberance of fun. If he were to pull out the chair from an unsuspecting sitter he would do it so as to make us all laugh. His only offence is that of several others of our best playwrights-the offence

of being all but first rate. The play is very much in debt to its actors. We have heard much disparagement of the modern custom of making stars out of talent of the tenth magnitude. Let us be duly grateful when these return to substellar spheres. As falling stars they hine all the brighter. Jessie Busley as he Irish maid showed again that her command of certain phases of broad character comedy is absolute and irresistible. Fay Davis gave a value and a charm to the jealous fiancée which was much more a part of berself than of the character. At the final curtain, where Mr. Thomas has risen to a brief moment of real drama. she again showed that in her field of comedy and emotion, which is by no means a narrow field, she is master. Whether Dorothy Hammond (the hostess), J. H. Barnes (the (the butler), William Courtenay (the perplexed flancee), or Margaret Illington (Mrs. Leffingwell) were ever by the shifting throngs of Roman and barsed in the empyrean I am not quite sure. But they all deserve that eminence as much as many who have been, and they aid themselves credit and their public honor

If as Mr. Liomas the credulous believes, common sanity and a sense of moral doors at the rear. If the last attribute of values can be deranged by the simple genius is simplicity, you have it here. process of slipping a vertebra, then Mr.

by illuminating their present parts.

BELASCO IN PLAY AND PICTURE piece of superb dramatic literature. As trancing are the rose pink and salmon pink DR. SYLVESTER'S DOWNFALL. noble in subject and feeble in dramatic and literary treatment.

Mrs. Leslie Carter is very much better than the stuff she works in. For the most Barry and bas made a not unintelligent and a mainly consistent effort to achieve he dignity, the repose, and perhaps also If it is true that artists, like other mortals, the spiritual altitude of great tragic feeling. appealing in the play rendered her efforts null and void. It is only the past master was not what she achieved as Adrea, but what she might have achieved with less

> "Zaza" was a real drama, for all its senas they were popularly effective. She gave a very real promise that some day her methods would be tempered by refine ment and artistic subtlety. But one of the essentials in the development of an actor from the level of Zaza to real tragic height is long familiarity with really great rôles. Like that prototype of all bad actors, Bully Bottom, Mrs. Carter may roar you as gently as a nightingale-but the result will still be roaring. Her Adrea is not a work of inner genius, nor yet of external artistic creation-which is often quite as good. It seemed rather a feat of superficial mimicry, uninspired. As long as Adrea was blind, and in the moment in which under the stress of emotion her sight returned, the acting seemed a replica of Duse's immeasurably great performance of a similar character in "The Dead City." In the crisis of the play, at the end of the fourth act, she rose to her old heights of crude power. In the one case she may, if you will, be called the American Duse. In the other she has long been called the American Bernhardt. Let us not quarrel about phrases, even though they are a little rough on America. The simple fact is that she is a soulless Duse and a wingless Bernhardt. As vet she has shown no power beyond her strong and somewhat rank physical appeal, except the power of bollow

But I come to praise the production, not to bury the play and the acting. It would be a godsend to the American drama, and indeed, to the drama of any country, if its stage managers could be made to serve an understanding to be aware of what they apprenticeship under Mr. Belasco. With are. Mr. Thomas has given over almost all the praise that has been lavished on him and after all the fency names he has been called, I doubt if many of us quite realize the greatness of his achievements. pride and the H's of the hired butler. France and Germany, where the arts of playwriting and playacting are supreme. of cocktails. The characters of the guests have nothing that deserves to be men-

In only one theatre can anything be found that approaches it and that is His Majesty's. London, under Beerbohm Tree. There one may see vaster atmospherical effects, the necessary questions of the play are higher flights into the poetry of enchanted distance. One scene which can never be forgotten by those who saw it is Olivia's palace in "Twelfth Night." It was an fairs, it is barely made evident who and architectural triumph of mellow marble walls and vast, terraced stairways, and out beyond it one saw a perspective of rocky headland, shore and sea, over which palpitated leagues of quivering aerial space. In Olivia's garden there was an effect of more intimate and inhabited space-n banks and woodlands all on the border of a garden brook, with a green lawn in the fects of what is, after all, an amusing play, foreground—but the secret of Mr. Tree's triumph is not necessarily that of superior of Mr. Thomas's best comedies. "The imagination, of a vaster imagination. His Other Girl," in which the fun was much | theatre is one of the largest in the world and his stage is of operatic magnitude.

> How many of those whose visual senses dilate into the enchanted regions of Mr. Belasco's creation realize the narrow limits of his stage? From leg to leg his pros-centium arch measures 32 feet, or only a little more than the width of an ordinary city house. Our intimate homes of draw-ing room comedy are as large—the stage of the Garrick is only two feet less and that of the New Lyceum actually two feet wider. The stage of the New Amsterdam Theatre is 40 feet wide, of the Academy of Music 44 and of the Metropolitan Opera House 54 feet wide. This is as nothing, however, as compared to the lack of depth, which is the real obstacle in producing effects of space. Mr. Belasco's stage measures only 30 feet from the footlights to the back wall The Opera House measures all but three times this-89 feet. The Academy of Music measures more than twice as deep, 66 feet, and the New Amsterdam 50 feet. The stage of that miniature theatre the Bijou is as deep as that of Mr. Belasco's.

To realize what can be done by intelligent management, let any one compare, for instance, the stage pictures of "The Darling of the Gods" with those of "The Sorceress. The number of square feet at Mr. Frohman's disposal was more than double, yet imagination beyond the paint and canvas of the playhouse. Mr. Belasco opened up prospect after prospect of seemingly illimitable light and color.

How was it done? If one only knew! It may be observed, however, that Mr. Frohman's stage manager so used his lights as to give only two or three different 'values." Sometimes the lighting was so crude and careless that one felt the presence of all the electrical appliances in footlights, wings and flies saw them flicker and flare. At the Belasco Theatre it is all but impossible to say where the lights come from, and the adjustment is so skilful and intricate as to produce a sense of innumerable values, gradated with all the variety and complexity of the most highly

dulated landscape. It is in effects of color, however, that Mr. Belasco's genius touches its summit, and it is here, as it seems to me, that he merits the name of wizard. In certain moodsand color is so much a matter of mood, of sheer enchantment-he deals with tones of the most subdued. The first two acts of "Adrea" pass in a monotone of grav green -the shadowed portal of a Doric palace and the darkened room of the Tower of Forgetfulness. It is as if the purpose were to put one as far as possible into the mood

of Adrea's blindness. In the first scene the only color is given baric soldiery, priests, vestals and debarchees; but the effect is of a dusky splendor. In the tower there is not even this. But note the triangular pane of blue on the right and the balancing patch of orange seen through an open door. Note also the variety lent by the momentary opening of the

In the remaining acts the Oriental splen-David Belasco would do well by some of dor of Mr. Belasco's sense of color runs as doubting Thomases if he would set up riot, or rather reaches the limit of gora spinal dislocater in the foyer of his playhouse. Nothing more is necessary to make each and all join the glad shout that proclaims "Adrea" a tragedy triumphant, a over Mrs. Carte." coronation gown. En-

matters stand, however, it can only be of Miss Edith Crane. No mere words can repeated that the book of the play is ig- paint the richness and the variety of illumination, the joy of surprise upon surprise-that never for a moment disturbs the harmony of the whole. It is worth much to steep the senses in all this-worth part she has laid aside the strenuous, raucous emotionalism of Zaza and Du sity of witnessing also the barrenness and futility of the play.

Pinero rhymes with past; but the past that Mr. Terry revealed when he revived "Sweet Lavender" was not of the kind one had been accustomed to associate with the great English exponent of erring women. It was the past of white, maidenly lines, breathed through with the sweet. linen, breathed through with the sweet, clean and ancient perfume of lavender. Time was—we had all forgotten it!—when the creator of Paula and Iris exuded the innocent fragrance of the mid-Victorian miss. It has been far otherwise since this most ladylike description and most ladylike dramatist was tempted and fell before the masculine and Ibscene drama of the Continent. How little we realized what Pinero meant when he promised to return in "The Wife Without a Smile" to return in "The Wife Without a Smile" to his earlier manner! And how little we realized that to keep his promise was not possible. But would we have exchanged even that bit of continental sophistication for another "Sweet Lavender?" It is carbare fortunes that we are not obliged. perhaps fortunate that we are not obliged to go on our oaths.

JOHN CORBIN.

## E. E. SMATHERS ON RACING. His Reason For Switching From Trotters

to Runners-Will Retain Hildreth. E. E. Smathers took his first ride of the new year behind Lord Derby, 2:05%. As he stepped from the wagon on his return he said: "There is a horse I will never part with so long as he lives and I am able to enjoy driving him." Mr. Smathers spoke freely of his change from harness racing to the thoroughbreds because it was a bigger, broader field of sport. "If you race for pleasure," he said, "you want to be where the crowd is. If you race for money you want to be where the money is. It is a poor day when you cannot see 15,000 people at a running meeting, and a pretty good day when you see as many hundreds at a harness meeting. Then, again, if a man bets two or three thousand dollars during the day on the trotters he is called a plunger. while if he bets only that amount on a racetrack no one would know he was on the grounds."

Mr. Smathers has been very successful

Smathers has been very successful with the harness horses and he attributes the success largely to the fact that when a developed winning capacity he t him without haggling over the He paid \$10,000 for the pacer John M. before the horse was known on the Grand Circuit, and it looked like a big price for a pace with a record of 2:09, practically un-known outside the half mile tracks; yet on the day of the purchase John M. paced a mile in 2:04%, and his campaign last year. when he lowered his record to 2:02%, showed it to be a wise investment. So Billy Birch 2:07%, at \$20,000, Dr. Strong, 2:07%, be almost at the close of the season at a

almost at the close of the season at a long price, and many others, proved the best money winners in the stable.

"For obvious reasons no one can pursue this policy with thoroughbreds," con tinued Mr. Smathers. "When a horse develops winning capacity above the ordinary he is held at a prohibitive price or withdrawn. is held at a prohibitive price or withdrawn from the market. One is forced to develop untried material and take the chances." Mr. Smathers now has over sixty

Mr. Smathers now has over sixty thoroughbreds, about forty being two-year-olds. The youngsters are at Memphis and Samuel Hildreth has some of the aged division of the samuel Hildreth has some of the aged ision at the New Orleans meeting "I consider Hildreth without a superior as a trainer," said Mr. Smathers. "Any

eports that I contemplate making a change re annoving and without foundation. As reports that I contemplate making a change are annoying and without foundation. As to my plans for the future the coming racing season is too far away to admit of many plans being outlined. I know I have a lot of useful horses that Hildreth can win money with. As to the youngsters, that is a problem that time and training alone can solve. You know," he added, "that if an owner should get three really high class youngsters out of 100 in training it would be a good average. Under these conclass youngsters out of for in training it would be a good average. Under these con-ditions, what is the use in outlining plans before the horses have been tested? George Spear, who trained and drove the Smathers harness stable is now at Mem-

ready to take charge of any that are not included in Hildreth's string when the racing season opens. Trainers of harness horses who have gone over to the thorough-

I have horses with sufficient class. ve an Eastern stable and Spear sticks to training he will probably train for me."

Mr. Smathers would like to lease or buy a farm in Kentucky or Tennessee, but so far rack of 10,000 acres in Pennsylvania that ould be utilized, but he prefers a location i the Blue Grass region. Mr. Snathers itends to sail for Europe within a short

## hape to enable him to form more definite plans for the coming year. HIS FIRST SPEECH.

This Young Virginia Lawyer Moved His First Audience Without Uttering a Single Word.

A Virginia lawyer who attended a banquet in this city last week told this to his friend on the right:

"If a man can speak at all he certainly the effects he produced hardly enticed the | ought to do it well in a place like this. There is everything here calculated to inspire, and loosen the tongue.

"It wasn't so when I was a young man in

July at a picnic in the woods. At the last minute he had to send word that he

atform the people were walting, and the mmittee in their sashes and regalia were

on the stand. Judge's message of regret the chairman proclaimed it to the multitude and an-nounced that as the Judge couldn't come

his young law student—that was me—would take his place.

"I explained to the chairman and the committee that I had never made a speech, and that I certainly would not attempt to make one on that occasion. The more I contested the more the committee insisted tested the more the committee insisted "During the wrangle on the stand the people began to how! for Judge—'s young man to pitch in. The committee got behind me and pushed the to the improvised rail.

"Just at that moment Providence came to my rescue. Somebody yelled 'Fire!' the next minute a young man as tall and thin as a sapling leaped about six feet in the air and screamed like a scared Indian. He wore a long linen duster. As he leaped the tail of his coat flashed up in flame and smoke and he made a beeline for creek near by. The crowd followed.

velled at every jump, 'Put him out! put "The fellow had just lighted his pipe as I was pushed to the rail and in dropping the burning match it fell into his pocket and started the conflagration. While the crowd Dr. Sylvester divorced his wife about Dr. Sylvester divorced his wife about the conflagration. started the conflagration. While the crowd followed him to the creek I leaped from twenty years ago, the daughter being left the platform, mounted my horse and rode By the time the chap reached the

water I was out of sight.

WHY THE KAISER'S AMERICAN DENTIST SHOT HIMSELF.

A Life That Shut Him Out of American left Berlin were that she was to acquire a Circles in Berlin-In Financial Straits When His Partner Left Him-Kalser Held Him in the Highest Regard.

Americans who knew him felt little surprise at the news that Dr. Alongo H. Sylvester, the American who for twenty years was Emperor William's dentist, shot and killed himself in his home opposite the Thiergarten in Berlin, on Jan. 10. Although he was a close personal friend of the Kalser and was in higher favor with him, perhaps, than any other American in Berlin, his troubles had been accumulating for years.

As a matter of fact, the man to whose house the Kaiser often walked unattended, whom he took with him on many a canter in and the Kaiser would engage in conversation, In public as well as in private, without regard for strict court etiquette, was long ago in bad odor with his fellow Americans Berlin, so much so that he was shut out from American circles in spite of his court connections. This was because of his manner of life, which was objectionable to the Americans, although it did not seem to offend the Germans. Any one familiar with the different views of the two nations as to home and family will understand

For more than thirty years Dr. Sylvester was a well known figure in the clubs and on the boulevards of Berlin. An American born and of a long line of American ancesin appearance, big, blond and bluff.

The Kaiser did not veil his fondness for his American dentist. Dr. Sylvester was an American, first, last and all the time, and he always met the Kaiser as one Ameriwould meet another.

Much as he delights in show, Emperor William went to his dentist's house in the unostentatious way, and his visits were often prolonged by chats after the actual dental work had been done. Until 1902 Dr. Sylvester lived just outside the Brandenburg Gate, and the Kaiser would walk the mile of Unter den Linden early in the morning and enter the house of the American with no more flourish or attendance than if he were an ordinary untitled Berliner. Dr. Sylvester's house was a museum of works of art, chief among which were many presents given to him by the Kaiser, the latest being a life-sized bust of himself which occupied the place of honor in the private drawing room.

One recent incident illustrates Emperor William's interest in his American friend. The Kaiser's favorite drive is in the Thiergarten, the imperial deer park created years ago and now in the very heart of the modern

As his carriage rolled out through the Brandenburg Gate he always looked for the American's house, and never failed to salute One day, when flags could be legally flown, the Kaiser looked for the Star Spangled Banner and found it not.

Fifteen minutes later an aide-de-camp appeared at the door of Dr. Sylvester's house and presented the Emperor's inquiries as to why the American flag was not in evidence. He was informed that one of the doctor's new servants had forgotten to raise the flag. The omission was corrected

In 1902 Dr. Sylvester removed from the house at Brandenburg Gate and took the through Texas last fall," said John Gilbert, the Smathers harness stable, is now at Memphis, and it is probable that in his association with Hildreth he will become a trainer of thoroughbreds. "I told Spear it would be already the training of the Thiergarten side is a roomy, and up against something funny. One of thoroughbreds. "I told Spear it would be well for him to go to Memphisand stay there a few months and see if he liked training the runners as well as he expected," said Mr. the big, blond, handsome American dentist the big, blond, handsome American dentist the place I tested was Pilot Grove.

"There didn't seem to be any one around to attract the New Yorker and kept him from going home. Bachelors may wander the big, blond, handsome American dentist the big, blond, handsome american de officials and professional men and some- where the populace was at. times members of the royal family.

> Thirty-five years ago, while making a tour at me, 'watchin' 'em dig fer it. of Europe previous to settling down to the practice of dentistry in his native country. for what?' Dr. Svivester was struck with the crude Sylvester chose Berlin.

The fame of the American dentist who could remove teeth without pain and patch up old teeth to look as good as new, and, pon occasion, even create an entire new set that looked as natural as life, grew apace, time, to be absent until spring. On his return he expects to find his horse interests in and in time reached the ears of royalty he rewarded the dentist friend of his youthful days with a formal appointment as curt dentist, and Dr. Sylvester's practice trebled in consequence

While he himself had never taken any post-graduate course in dentistry, Dr. Sylvester made it a point to associate with him from time to time promising young men who brought with them the latest improvements known to the American colleges of dentistry—the best in the world. In the belief of some people it was the last of these partnerships which was indirectly responsible for the violent death of Dr.

my State. I shall never forget the first time I was called out.

"I had just got my license to practice.
The old ex-Judge, in whose office I had read, was down to orate on the Fourth of A form of partnership was drawn up, but Dr. Sylvester, notoriusly a bad business could not be present.

"He sent me on horseback to the woods" Dr. Watson a loop hole to leave before the to inform the committee. I travelled at a term of what might be called his apprentice-Paul Revere gait, When I reached the ship ended. When Dr. Sylvester's attention was drawn in later years to this clause he made light of the possibility, trusting As soon as I had orally delivered the implicitly to the honor of his young asso-

> Early in the summer of 1903 Dr. Watson saw fit to terminate his association with Dr. Sylvester, three years before the date set in the articles of partnership. He left the house of the well known American dentist, opposite the Thiergarten, and set up for himself in another quarter, taking with him practically all of Dr. Sylvester's practice, outside of the imperial family.

For twenty-five years Dr. Sylvester had made large sums of money annually out of his practice, but he had lived extravagantly and played for high stakes at home and at the clubs, and the sudden move of Dr. Watson actually left him in desperate financial straits. He was broken in health having never recovered from a paralyti stroke two years before; his skill as a workcommittee leaped over the rail and man had departed, and he was dependent and in the pursuit. The chairman upon his young assistants for the keeping upon his young assistants for the keeping up of his practice. It is well known in certain ircles of Berlin that Dr. Sylvester was in serious financial difficulties for the last two

in his custody. Born in Germany, living all her life in Germany. German is the loped away. "I have made many speeches since that daughter's native tongue, although she

woman to be the finest type of woman- along I did not wait to learn."

hood in the world, and in 1898 he sent his daughter to America for four years of

typical American college life in order to Americanize her. She entered one of the Western colleges and finished in three years, graduating with high honors.

Dr. Sylvester was often heard to say that his last instructions to her before she thoroughly up to date American ward robe, for he considered the American woman the best dresser in the world. Now Miss Sylvester is studying medicine in a college in San Francisco, having decided to fit herself for self-support when her father met with reverses.

The story of Dr. Sylvester's loss of his practice is a story of a man who lets his profession slip owing to high, riotous living. Despite his fine native qualities, qualities which were distinctively American, which appealed to the Kaiser, his royal good fellowship, his brilliant conversation on every subject, his perfect horsemanship, his excellent judgment of books, art, curios about the city, who was one of the few men | and linens, he was a high roller of the most in the whole German Empire with whom pronounced type, fond of wine and cards, and of-his Hausfreund.

The Hausfreund is an institution better tolerated in Germany than in America. In Berlin it is not always considered out of the way for the right hand of the family to receive the left hand Hausfreund with courtesy, and the left hand friend does not lose caste. In the case of Dr. Sylvester the Hausfreund was a popular actress. Under these circumstances, it was not surprising that Dr. Sylvester's practice should Dr. Sylvester was a collector of pictures

and all kinds of bric-A-brac. His house was full of valuable paintings, frescoes, hand carved furniture and rich rugs and draperies. He had no office, as the term try, he was, nevertheless, a typical German is understood in America. That is not the custom on the Continent with professional

From 10 to 2, three rooms in the apartment showed that they were the offices of a dentist. Mallets, forceps and bottles lay with fine objects of art on the tables, and waiting victims could feast their eyes upon many curios spread out to view.

Promptly at 2 o'clock the butler removed the evidence of a dentist's office, set handsome screens about the chairs, and, presto! the house was that of a man of wealth. At 4 o'clock the doctor dined. His din-

ners were famous for their exquisite appointments, and his sideboard was laden with solid silver service of all kinds. There was probably not a woman in Berlin who could boast of a collection of table linen equal to that of Dr. Sylvester as to quality and quantity. Dr. Sylvester was an enthusiastic vachts-

man and a leading member of the Royal Yacht Club. His sailing yacht had cabin accommodations for twelve, and during the summer there were many cruises on the Baltic, where he made his headquarters at Herringsdorf, as the guest of his daughter at Villa Florence, his gift to her. Dr. Sylvester always paraded his American

birth. In order to accept the official appointment as court dentist, he was obliged American flag which hung over the to renounce his American citizenship and become a German, but, nevertheless, it was always the American flag that flew in front of his house, the biggest and brightest American flag he could find. About his rooms everywhere visitors could see suggestions of America. Even American shields were embroidered in the bibs of the aprons of his maids, who were all Germans.

## A TEXAS TREASURE HUNT.

Ending With the Hunt of Joe Lott for the Mexican Who Sold Him the Chart.

"When I was taking my little jaunt of here and there at little towns, and usually the theatre evening.

" 'Up yon,' said he, with a weary glance

"'Hundred thousan' dollars in Spanish methods of Continental dentists and saw | gold the Greasers buried and then vamoosed the opportunities open to a graduate of a to Mexico, time Gen. Sam Houston was from the Metropolitan that they may never dentistry. Paris had its Dr. Evans. Dr. suspending his work at pistol cleaning and going into session as an information bureau. 'Raik'n we'd never knowed a thing about it if the wrinkled old Mexican hadn't come along yere a week or setch like ago and told

" Wrinkled more'n a nutmeg, that Greaser was, and a hundred and four ye'rs old, ef he was a minute. He knowed about the \$100,000 in Spanish gold, and had a chart

not a cent less.

"I told 'em that a tenth part of the hundred thousan' was cheap enough fer the chart, but I thought the \$100 in cash was too dog gone steep, but they all raik'n'd jes' t'other way, and said they wouldn't mind puttin' up the hundred fer the chart, but the idee of lettin' go of \$10,000 o' the treasure arter they had gone and dug and sweat and sweat and dug fer to git it was because human patur' to agree to

beyond human natur' to agree to.

"But the wrinkled old Mexican he wouldn't take no less, and so by and by Joe Lott and Dave Gower they got their heads together and figgered it out that ninety thousan' clean out o' the hole didn't seem like it was so unprincipled bad, arter all, and so they put up fifty apiece, and agreed to chink out ten thousan' o' the gold to the wrinkled old Mexican as they un-

The wrinkled old Mexican said he'd take his hundred home and come back and hang around till the hundred thousan' was unkivered and git his tenth. He must'a lost his way, 'kaze he hain't got back yit, and

that was nine days ago.
"'Joe and Dave's ben diggin' and sweatin' and sweatin' and diggin' ever since, and the has ben up you every day watchin' do it. The boys has got down four foot furder and dug a right smart bigger ole around than the chart called fur, and seems like the hidden treasure was still in ambush. I ben watchin' 'em dig fer it myself, but an hour ago I hollers over and

ssys to Joe and Dave:

"I got the same idee yit." I says, "that a tenth part o' the hundred th 'a' ben cheap enough fer the chart, but that the \$100 cash was too doggone steep," I

"Then I come straight here and saddled and bridled that pony yo' see tied to that pecan over thar and took to cleanin' up this here 44. That pony and this 44 is Joe Lott's, and ef I kin read the signs I'm jes' as shore that Joe is goin' to take a saun-ter out, lookin' fer that wrinkled old Mexcan, as I am that a tenth o' that hundr thousan' would 'a' ben cheap enough fer the chart, but that the \$100 cash was too

dog gone steep!"
"Much as this recital seemed to add to the
weariness of this lone citizen, he finished eaning the pistol and put it together. work was not much more than done when he populace came back from 'up yon.' I tall man with a flerce mustache and A tall man with a heroe inustache and breathing hard was at its head. Without a word he took the six-shooter away from my narrator's hands, went out to the pecan ree, untied the horse, mounted it and gal-

That's Joe,' said the narrator to me. 'And he's saunterin' out!'
"Whether he found the wrinkled old perfectly. Even in appearance she is more
German than American.

"Whether he found the accommodations at the Pilot Grove hostelry seemed meagre, and as a train came opportunely

A NEW YORK SIGHT THAT THE WORLD CAN'T MATCH.

It Is the Gathering of 21,111 People After the Performance at the Theatrical Centre of the Country-Their Rush for Supper and Their Journey Home.

On these Saturday nights of the season's height, the region about the junction of Forty-second street and Broadway is seething with people when the theatre crowds find their way into the fresh air after the performances. That crossing of those two streets is just now the theatrical centre of the city, of the country, possibly of the whole world.

Certainly in no other city in the world do such numbers of people so suddenly gather at the closing of the theatres. Nowhere else is the tribute to Thespis so genuine, if one is to judge by numbers.

Recently the new theatres of the city have all clustered in that neighborhood. It was the restless and enterprising Oscar Hammerstein who first saw the great value of the Seventh avenue corner as a site, and, realizing that the drift of the theatres was in that direction, he built the second house, which is now the Belasco. Since that time the block between Broad-

way and Eighth avenue has come to contain that massive monument to the art noureau, the New Amsterdam, the Liberty, the Lyric, the Fields Theatre, with the Victoria heading the list at the corner as if to call out that Oscar Hammerstein had thought of it first. But it is not only the theatres in Fortysecond street that send their thousands

out into the thoroughfare when the performance is over. There are theatres to the north east and south of this theatre block that also contribute their share of hungry and more or less contented mortals the crowd.

The Saturday night that sells out the Casino brings into that theatre 1,360 souls. On such a similarly happy occasion at the Broadway, when Fritzi Scheff delights the heart of C. B. Dillingham by filling the house to the last place, 1,700 happy souls are released from the theatre into the air of Broadway, which may or may not be good for them, according to the direction in

If all the theatres in the immediate eighborhood are full, they can add to the neighborhood are full, they can add to the Saturday night throng in this proportion:

Criterion, 932; Empire, 1,100; Hudson, 995; Knickerbocker, 1,263; Metropolitan Opera

House, 3,460—a little village in itself; the that appeal to their pockets more strongly than to their tastes. They may sit around Criterion, 932; Empire, 1,100; Hudson, 995; House, 3.460-a little village in itself; the New Lyceum, 983; the New York almost as many as the Opera House, or more than

which they go.

And this list does not include the houses elbowing one another along Theatre Alley. On a Saturday night there may come from the New Amsterdam 1,875 spectators of the publes of "Humpty Dumpty," likewise of his delights, while from the Belasco ome 950 persons. The Lyric may send 1,600, the Liberty 900 and the Fields Theatre

So there may swarm suddenly into this region at 11 o'clock or thereabouts some 21.943 persons.

This number of people would make up population of a prosperous town, but in New York it crowds only one small section of the city. For several hours after the theatres have

closed, there is the swish and whirl of the theatre crowd making its way home by degrees. Some of it dives for the subway and is carried Harlemward or southward toward the Bridge. But that is only a small part of it. More of its constituents remain for the supplementary pleasure that ends By the time Long Acre Square is reached

there are restaurants with lights blazing Phil was was only a boy when he came to might be seen dining with his daughter and citizen who sat on the gallery of what was down the street to the chop house, where was ready to quit if encouraged to do so such guests as happened to be at the house. evidently the public house of the place, they are free from any chance of feminine | He did not seem to have his heart in his bet, Frequently these guests included German cleaning a six-shooter. I asked him interruption and the viands are of the kind and I have often thought that had be lost associated with celebate restaurants.

Hither wander searchers of Bohemia who look into the faces of the men gathered "Watching 'em dig for it?' said I. 'Dig there for some of the famous New Yorkers they think they should see in this place. his face when he received the money. But with the exception of an actor that they may not recognize, or a German singer thoroughly up to date American school of pushin' 'em so close,' replied the citizen, have heard of, they find little to suggest the kind of Bohemia they are looking for. The customary patrons of the place are

> the liquor are good, and they would not trouble themselves to look around if they heard that half Bohemia was to be seen at the next table The men that wander into their sacred resort are only a few out of those thousands that congregate involuntarily at the corner of Forty-second street and Broadway. The trolley cars wait in congested files until the crowds are on board. Relays of more cars find the crowds apparently as a transfer of the sidewalks are

there because they know that the food and

rants around the square.

Its circular doors at this hour revolve with an approximation to perpetual motion rarely accomplished so successfully. Inside, the halls are as crowded as a subway express, and tired looking women stare indignantly over the fence at the tables of the earlier arrivals who eat with exapperating slowness.

Groups stand at the doors of every dining room, while excited escorts importune

room, while excited escorts importune head waiters. Here rests the cream of the Broadway crowd until at 1 the last of he weary guests make their way out of the If the New Yorkers are here, the two

restaurants across the street have their contingents of those theatregoing thou-sands who are supposed to come to New York to supply managers with an excuse for selling all their best tickets to the hotel speculators. They know these two restaurants better by name than the new one; so their clientele is retained.

These parties from out of town are always recognizable. There is always in them an unequal division of sexes which usually allows three of four women to two men. Bather tired looking women they

Rather tired looking women the too, as if the day in the shops had exre, too, as if the day in the shops had examined them completely.

"I've seen enough! Take me back! It's the last time I shall ever go to the betting." women about them. However rich they

may be, out of town women never dress so elaborately as the women of New York, especially the women who go to these parmlar restaurants. Not all of those that gather after the theatres wander on foot to the place that is to afford them refreshment. Out of the long lines of carriages that move slowly in front of the various theatres there dashes

an automobile or an especially smart trap in the direction of the east. It does not stop at the blaze of lights from the restaurants in the triangular square. It keeps on to the east, turns up Fifth avenue and stops where the two is restauranta are

Into the dining room of one move the occupants of the swift moving vehicle, into the stately dining room with the quar-tered oak ceiling, where the music plays softly, and there is a quiet elegance which

none of the other places possesses.

Further west with the loud music and the conversation that almost drowns it the conversation that almost drowns it there are seeming delights while one is under their spell. But life seems much more elegant and easier here in spite of the fact that one would never seek this Carriages still roll up the avenue taking | trol all the time.

**NOISES** 

How To Cure Buzzing. Ringing Sounds in the Ears



Do you have buz-ging, ringing noises in your head and ears? Is there a snapping in your ears when you blow your nose? Then you have Catarrh in -the passages from the throat to the ears -are closing up. You may have no dis-charge from the nose or throat, but the deli-cate inner parts of the cate inner parts of the ear are steadily being

destroyed. Those irritating noises show how dangerous the trouble is becoming. As they grow worse they often worry people into nervous prostration and insanity There's one thing certain—Head and Ear noises are always the forerunners of loss of hearing. Neglect the trouble in your ear passages and deafness is the sure re-Get rid of your head noises now and for

ever. They can be cured. Write to-day to Deafness Specialist Sproule, the famous au-thority on all ear troubles. He will give you

Medical Advice Free n this trouble. It's just the help you need le'll tell you without any charge whatever low to drive away the noises and have clear, distinct, perfect hearing. Answer the questions, yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out the Free Medical Advice Coupon and mail it at once to Deafness Specialist Spronic 241 Trade Building, Boston.

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE COUPON Do your ears throb?
Do your ears feel full?
Do your ears feel full?
Is your hearing falling?
Do the noises trouble you at night?
Is the sound sometimes a buzzing one?
Is the sound sometimes a ringing one?
Are the noises worse when you have a cold?
Do your ears crack when you blow your nose?

some or to private suppers those who do not want to go to the restaurants or have been invited to houses where a supper is to be given.

Then for those out of this 21,943 who

than to their tastes. They may sit around a circular counter in the middle of the room with waitresses securingly locked up inside so hopelessly that they cannot ever get out at least until all the hungry men around the ring are fed. Then there are the white walled shops of the kind familiar everywhere in the city, and to them goes the crowd that has to think about what it extends.

what it spends. No statistician has ever reckoned scie tifically how many out of New York's 21,943 theatregoers who gather at the corner of Forty-second street and Broadway take supper somewhere. But eating at night has become such a regular habit in the city that probably few of them who are not on a diet go supperless to bed. Certainly more playgoers are found there than anywhere else in the world, and most of them on conveywhere to set of them go somewhere to eat.

PITTSBURG PHIL'S FIRST BET Showing the Same Self-Control That Wrecked Mike Dwyer.

The man who was selling pools when Pittsburg Phil was a cork cutter in the Smoky City and who took the first bet ever made by the famous plunger says of that incident:

"I have often wondered what would have become of Phil if he had not won that dollar combination from me, which netted \$73. me one day and put up his dollar. He looked to me then, as I recall it, as if he that dollar he might have gone back to the oork works instead of becoming one of the great plungers of the turf. But he won the combination, and I shall never forge never changed a muscle. Next day he started a book of his own on that \$73. He ran a 50 cent book among the employees of the cork works, and did so well that it was not long before he was able to compete with the best of us. You could not best Phil at the horse game. Even when he made that little handbook be would tell you that you were trying to take his bet if you wanted a certain horse, but he would be you just the same. His judgment was the

Those who know Pittsburg Phil best say that his nervous system has been shattered because of the intense strain and worry caused by his extensive operations on the numerous, although the sidewalks are black with moving masses.

Two great oyster houses with their ahining windows face the moving hundreds who start uptown. Across the way is the new hotel which has with deadly effect cut into the business of the other restaurant terrorund the source. turf speculators. The case of Pittaburg Phil, in some ways, resembles that of an other famous plunger in his day, Michael F. Dwyer. Both of these men have won and lost thousands without showing outward

signs of excitement.

The story has often been told how Dwyer once made a wagor of \$40,000 on one of his famous racehorses and lost; how he saw his horse beaten in the last jump and looking at his split second watch remarked:

"That was a fast run race. To-day Dwyer is a physical wreck. He has been practically helpless for a number of years, yet he still clings to his old love. One day last summer, when he had

love. One day last summer, when he had been driven all the way from Gravesend to Morris Park, the veteran suddenly felt a desire to see the big betting ring. "Take me down so that I can see the books," he said to his faithful attendants, and forthwith they iterally carried him to the scene of bustling speculation under the big grandstand. Dwyer looked at the big growd for several moments, listened to big crowd for several moments, listened the cries of the layers and their runners and then, turning to his attendants, said in a husky voice:

ring!

Pittsburg Phil has suffered fully as great a strain as Dwyer. But he has been more fortunate than the veteran horseman in that he made a fortune refused his entries two years ago and revoked the license of his jockey, W Shaw. He protested his innocence vi-ously, but all to no purpose until one last summer the stewards relented. plunger then was in poor health an practically given up heavy betting. visited the track now and then for an ing and put down a small wager out mere force of habit, but that was all. said he could not stand the strain

Men who have watched the o had given vent to their feelings they would probably have escaped ill health.
"It was the inward suffering that them," said a leading bookmaker recent "They lost without a grimace and without a smile. Other men let out a ros when they drop a bet and dance for when they cash, and all of them a robust health. They simply let of steam, which does them good. It is a feat

the recipient of the had killed the lea would not have slayer was accoun Abram H. Mulle thus borne on the

A GANG TOT

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now some fifty p connected by int in the county, and people have suffe all of which hav Hainestown peopl When one of was arrested for others would com alibi. Then, with

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shoot. They com sassination was ch One day a your ham, passing the tacked by Isaac ham threw a club his gun, followed murdered him. So were the people to four years in the Two of the jury Hainestown and a severer penalty In 1896 Willia On the last night h of men quarrelli school house at and then a pistol a man's cap. V of Plymouth, can recognized the ca

and it was given A few days late of the man who Brushingham, we a strange story. his body was hof a mule in a started out and f the field. They Southerline. worked, had so Plymouth a few team was in his Fetters's cap. H murder, but prot Hainestown on t was heard. He mule, but he ha field where the team was in his cap at the school

The Hameses line at the trial sentenced for life nd he was for After serving fo released on parc Soon after the Raines and his and robbed an old and sought shelt cers tried to arres

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